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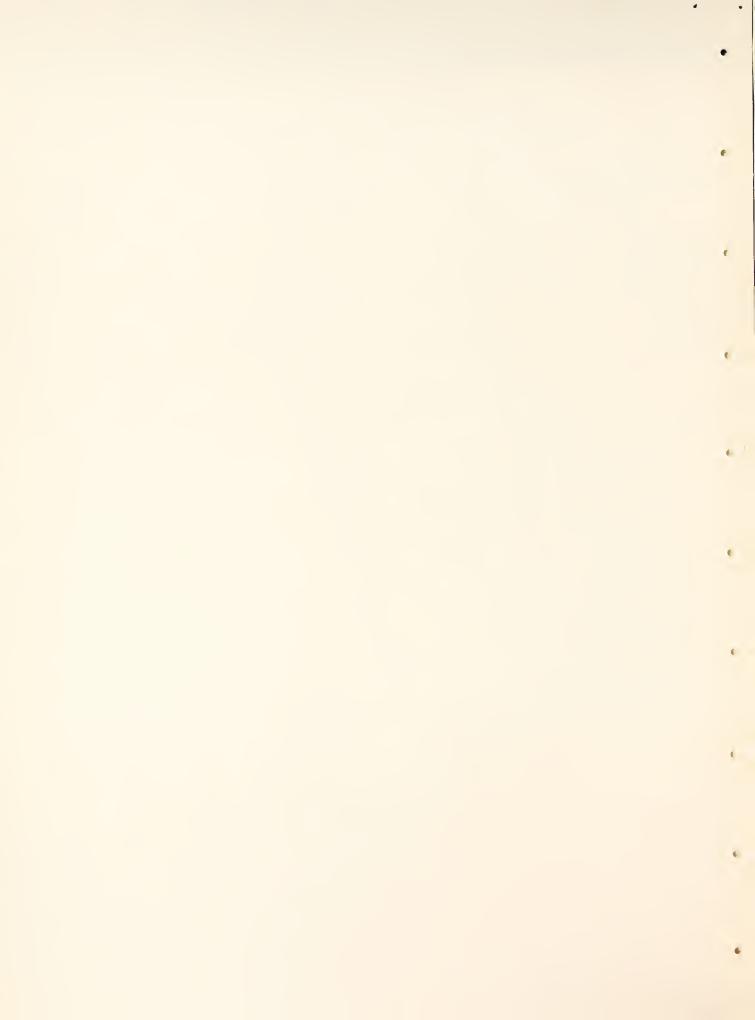
NBC

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE "UNCLE SAMES FOREST RANGERS" (#170) OK

CHICAGO OUTLET TEFT
(11:30-19:30 PM) (DGTORER 1, 1935) (PRIDAY DAY

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS



ANNOUNCER Uncle Sam - Forest Rangers.

DECHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER:

range management. Domestic stock that has been turned out and abaddoned often furnishes the nucleus from which herds of wild horses breed that infest the range and interfere with its proper use and management. Domesticated horses that are turned out under permit to graze for a season often join these wild bands. Horses are nore active than attle and range over a much greater territory. When congregated in large hords, there is much fighting, racing, and playing and the damage ions to the range by trampling is greater than that by cattle or sheep. Sometimes too, these wild horses become mean and under dertain circumstances have been known to attack people. Therefore, in the administration of the National Forest ranges the Forest Service restricts the grazing permits for horses to a small proportion of the stock and on most of the National Forests under cooperative agraements with the

On the Pine Conc District Ranger Jin Robbins has on several occasions been broubled by wild horses that have managed to work their way up onto the Forest from the desert. He has also had the infortunite experience of a penalty for horses were desired of having the horses expeat upon the range in trespass - the owners depending on the wildown of their stock for the field to go undistricted.

As we tune in today at the Pine Cone Station the wild burne matter has once sharply to Ranger Jim's attention. Here they we -



(DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (COMING IN PEREMPTORILY) Say, Jim, who owns the lazy "S" brand?

JIM: I don't know - where did you see it?

JERRY:

I didn't see it but Mary did on some broomtail horses over on Windy Flats. She rode over from the Box O this morning and a bunch of horses nearly mebbed bar. They crowded around Trinket and fought her so hard she nearly threw Mary of:
Mary tried to run away from them and they wearly ran her down two or three times. Cosh she was almost hysterical when she got here.

JIM: I reckon it must be that bunch of wild brocentails that've been running up toward Cloud Peak all sommer. I've never get close enough to see the brands on them, even with my binoculars.

JERRY: Well, I'm going to ride over there: Something's got to be done about it.

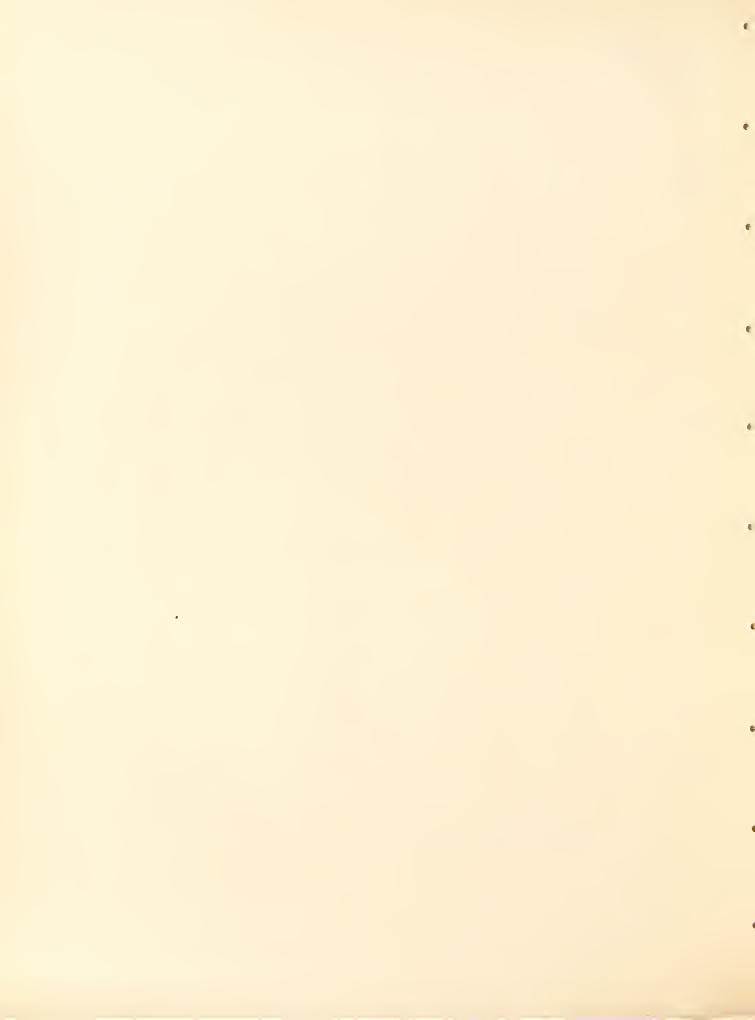
JIM. What are you going to do with that rifle?

JERRY: I'm taking it along and I hope they try to run over me.

Boy but I'll give them a reprise.

JIM: Now don't go pulling off anything like that. You'll get yourself in a jackpot - and me too.

JERRY: WELL, we've got to do something about it, Jim. That bunch of brancos is dangerous. If they caught a person on foot they'd jump 'em sure as the world.



JIM: Well, let's find out who they belong to. Was Mary sure about the brand? I don't remember any Lazy "S" in the brand list. What did the bunch look like?

JERRY: She said there were 15 or 20 - mostly bays and about half
a dozen sorrels and a big black horse leading the bunch.

Fe had lazy "S" on the left shoulder and something on his
jaw. She couldn't make it out but she thought once it
looked like an open triangle and another time it looked like
it might be an "R".

JIM: Yeah, that's the bunch. Only I counted 25 in it one time and wild as deer.

JERRY: She said the black borse and a big sorral were the meanest.

They tried to bit and strike Trinket. Gosh Jim, they might have killed Mary.

JIM: Let's look through the brand list Jerry and see if we can find the owner. -- Let's see now --

JERRY: Here's S and R cornected on the left hip -

Jim: Yesh, that's Sam Riggs - but that's his cattle brand
Eare's his horse brand - That's a small SaR - connected on

the jaw but there's no lazy Sa.

JERRY: book, Jim, what makes a kind of triangle shaped brand like Mary described on that "S" part almost lies flat.

JIM: You know I've been a little suspicious for some time that

Sam has leen running in some unpermitted stuff on us.



JENEY: That may be his brand on those horses - I wonder if Many

will recognize it.

JIM: Let's find out. (DOOR OPENS - CALLS) Oh, Bess:

HESS: (OFF) Yes, Jim -

JIM: Is Mary out there?

BESS: Yes, the's right here.

JIM: Ask her to come in a minute.

MARY: (COMING IN - WEAKLY) Hello, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well, they tell we you had a bad scare this morning.

MAR! The was terrible. I never sat horses act that way -

FEEL: It was a terrible experience. The poor girl has been

having a nervous chill.

JIM: I hope you're feeling better now -

MARY: Oh, I'll be all right now - it just sort of got me for a

little while.

JIM: Well, any experience like that would unnerve anyhold; -

JERRY. Maxy, did that brand on the jaw look like this?

JIM: Yeah, we want you to identify those brands if you can.

MARY: (HESITANT) Vell - it looked a little - let's see - yes

it was something like that - only this curved part didn't

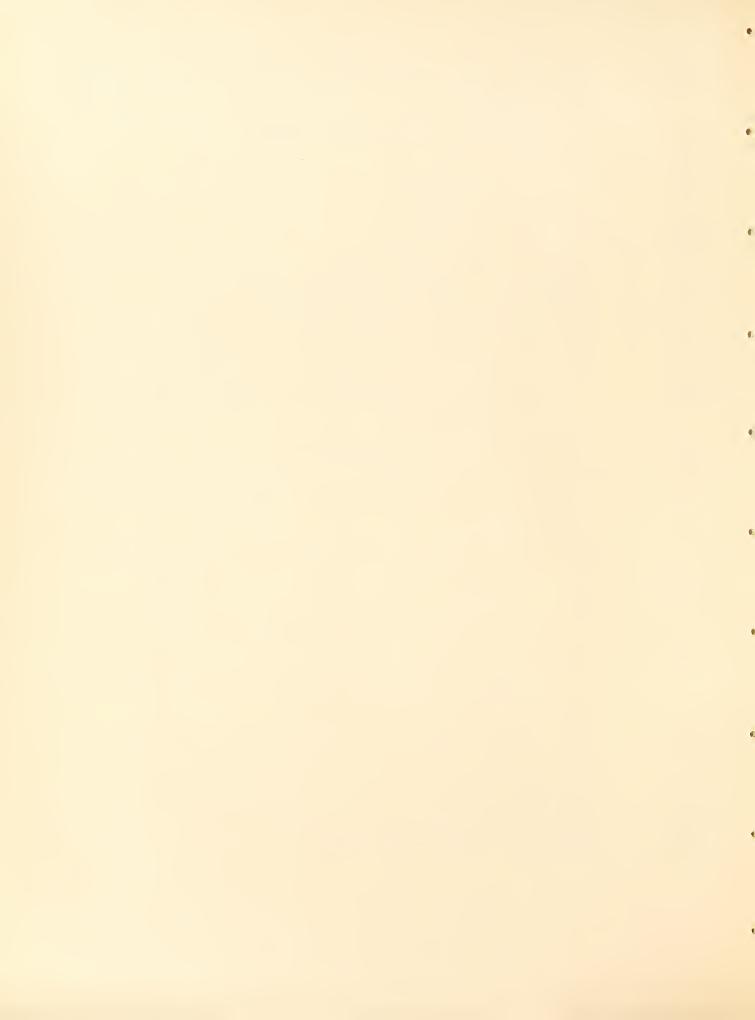
come un se high.

JERRY: Wait - let's cover up part of the tail of the "S" - now

how does it work?

MARY: That's just about the vay it looked.

JIM: How about the shoulder brand?



MARY: That was just a plain "S" - I saw it on several of them.

JIM: You sure there wasn't an "F" connected to it? Like this?

MARY: No, I'm sure. It was very plain.

JERRY: (WITH DECISION) Well, I'm going up there before they get away -- I'll bet I'll find out -

JIM: Wait a minute now. I'm going too - bu' you leave that gun here.

JERRY: No sir - I'm gring to take it along. I'm going to find out what brand is on that black stallion if I have to crease him and knock him down.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Chances are if you crease? his he would never get up again. I don't want you shooting at any horses. You might find they were permitted stock.

JERR: We know that black one isn't under permit because we don't issue grazing permits for stallions -

JIM: Well some of the others may be under permit.

MARY: Oh, do be careful Jerry. Feally Hr. Robbins, I think you ought to take a gun. You don't know how mean they are.

JIM:

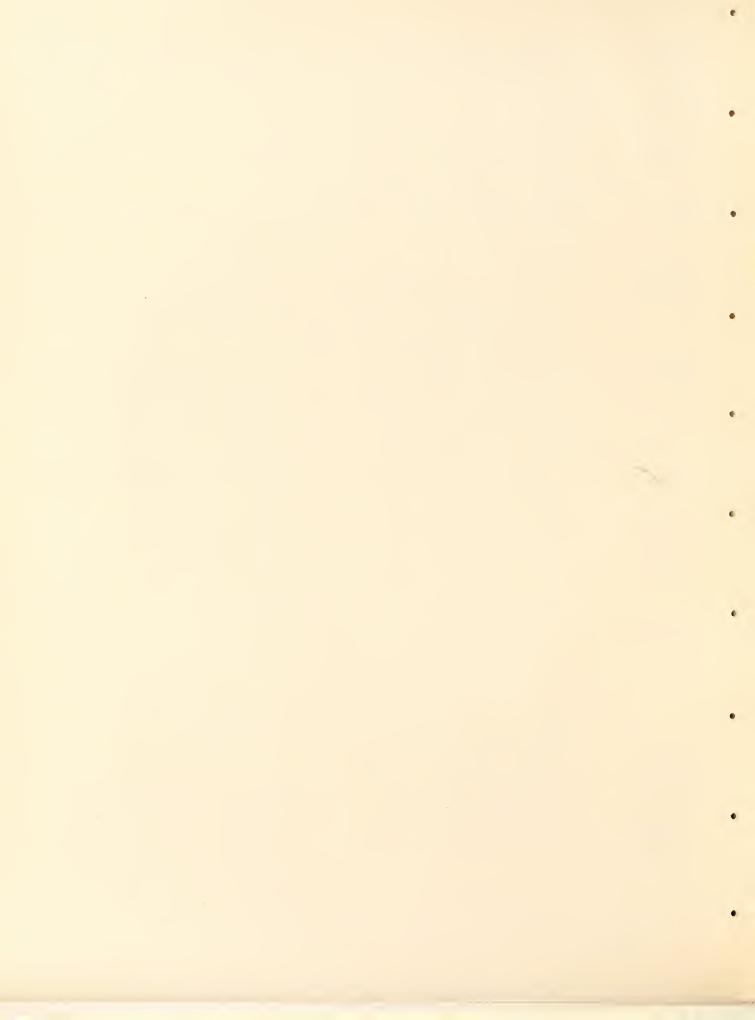
No - chances are we won't be able to get within gun shot of them unless we can run them into a fence somewhere.

If we're going to run have we don't want to be bothered with a gun flopping around on the saddle.

BESS: Now Jim, you be careful.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Eye, Bess. You know I'm always careful.

JERRY Goodbye sweetheart.



MARY: Jerry, you will be careful wor't you?

JERRY: Oh sure - bye, bye.

FADE OUT - MUSIC - FADE IN - HORSES WALKING

JERRY: Don't that beat all? Looks like there isn't a horse in the whole country.

JIM: Yeah, it is strange. There's been plenty of them around here. Lots of tracks but no horses. - Well, there's worse of looking any more now.

JERRY! What are you going to do now !

JIM: Let's just ride over to the cos camp and see if we can run across Sam Riggs.

JERRY All right -

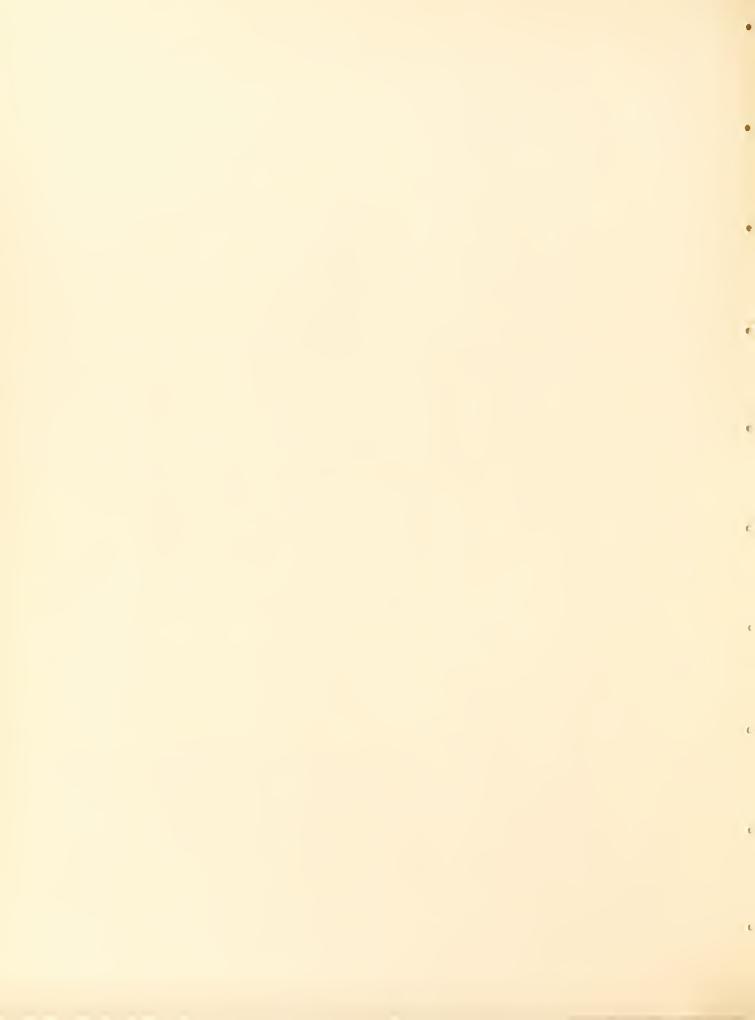
JIM: And if we do see 'em let me do the talking. Don't let or that we're looking for borses. I want to see what new tale Sam has to tell on the other permittee.

JIRKY What kind of a talet

JIM: Well on several occasions he has sort of intimated that some of the other permittees had note stock out than their permits cover.

JERRY: He aught to know - he's in charge of the Stock Association riders. - They're riding the range all the time and know everybody a stock.

JIM: Yes, he knows. As likes to give the impression he knows a lot more than he s willing to tell. But I've found he likes to tell it with the injunction "But don't tell anybody I told you."



JERFA: (LAUGHS) Yes - that's Sam all right.

JIM: Well, there's the cow camp.

JERRY: Don't seem to be anybody around.

JIM: No, the boys must all be riding today. (CALLO) Hey, hello there; - Anybody home?

RIGGS: (INSIDE) Helloom (COMING OUT - COPDIALLY) Well: Well: howay Jim - glad tulk see yuh - Get off and come on in-

JIM: Don't mind if we do - yuh look kind o' sleepy Sam - been taking a nap? -- Where are all the hands?

RIGGS: (YAWNING) Yesh - it was sorts quiet - (SUDDEN CHANGE - ANXIOUSLY) Say, which way'd you fellabe name? 'd yuh see amy of the boys?

JERRY: We just came from the station. Didn't see a bids nor hair of anything.

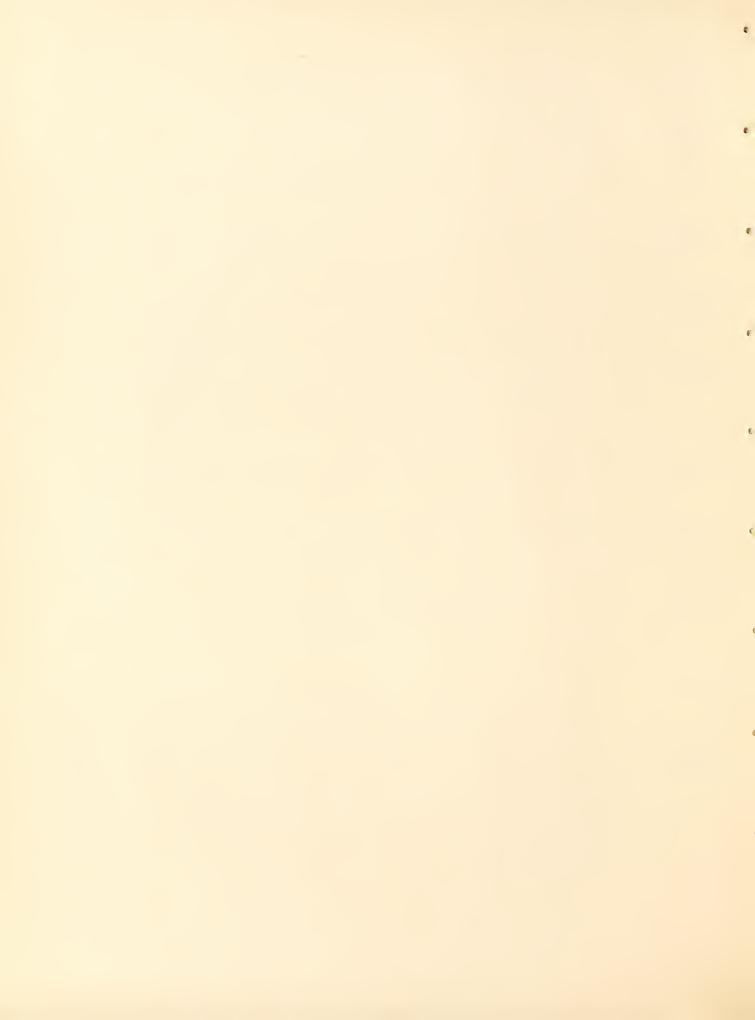
RIGJS: (RELIEVED) Oh - oh the toys - the lie out ridin's

JIM: Riding ony place in particulant

RIGGS' No - no place in particular Jim, jest ridir'. Got to keep an eye on things jub know. Nothing particular tuberide for-

JIM: Some of this range is looking pretty short Sam. Kind of tramped out like. You recken there's too much stock on it!

RIGGS: I don't figure the range is but none Jim. Course it's a mite short in places - specially where the horses kinds bunch up. But we aim tuh keep 'em scattered so they won't do no harm.



JIM:

Yes - 3p *king of horses Sam - seems to me they've been mighty plentiful on this range this year. You reck! semebody's slipped some extra ones in on you?

RIGGS:

(HESITATES) Wall 'course Jim I don't like to say nothin bein' as they're all neighbors to me but I rockon they'n a few extry out this year.

JIM:

Who do they belong to?

RIGGS:

Wall I don't like t' say. I ain't never made no count on anybody's stuff - an' I wouldn't want any name mentioned but I figures the Widow Gay's got a few extry an' prob'ly Frank Thompson a few head an' seems to be quite a few work horses running free under yore reg'lation G-2. Just one or two head to a party yuh know.

JIM:

What about that big black stallion that's heading a bunch around here?

RIGGS:

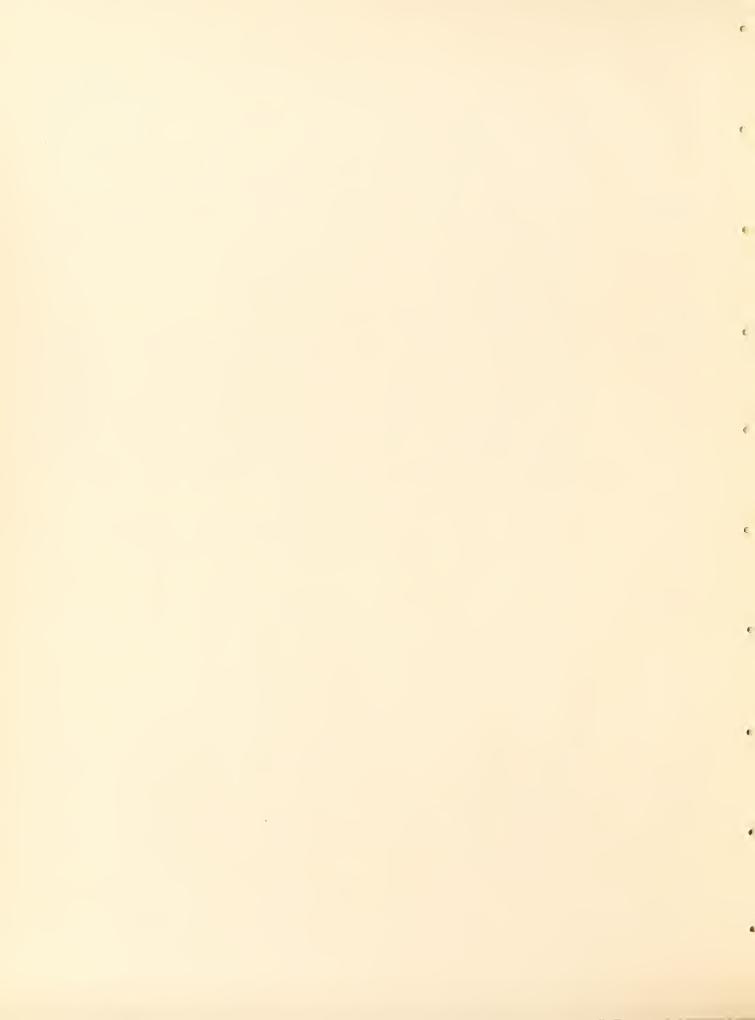
I don't know's I know what horse yuh mean Jim. I figured
I know about every critter on this range. Yuh sure it's
a stallion? - Yuh had a close look at 'im?

JIM:

I'm sure I'm not mistaken about him. I put the glasses on him the other day but I didn't get close enough to get libbarand. I thought maybe you could tell me who he belongs to

RIGGS:

I'll jest tell the boys to be on the lookout for 'im. If they's a hoss like that on this allotment recan sure get a line on 'im.



JIM:

RIGGS:

Well never mind I'll get close to him some of these days.

Yore not rigurin' on a round-up air yuh, Jim? Cause if yuh are, jest let me know a day or two ahead an' I'll get yuh the best bunch of riders in this State and a good bunch of fresh saddle hosses to. Yuh know I'm always ready to cooperate with yuh a hundred percent. An' bein' as I'm captain of this range allotment I kin gather the stuff cheaper'n anybody - These boys I got workin' fer me knows every blade of grass on the range an' we same make a clear another on short notice.

JIM:

Well, thanks Sam - but I don't believe I can get the wollay to make a round up this fall. You just keep an eye open for that black horse and if you get a line or him lef I. how, will you?

RIGGS:

I slove will Jim - you bet - I slove will

JIM:

Well, I recken we'll ride on back to the station - so long

JERRY:

Bye Sam

RIGOS

WALKING - THEN BREAK INTO A TROT)

JERRY

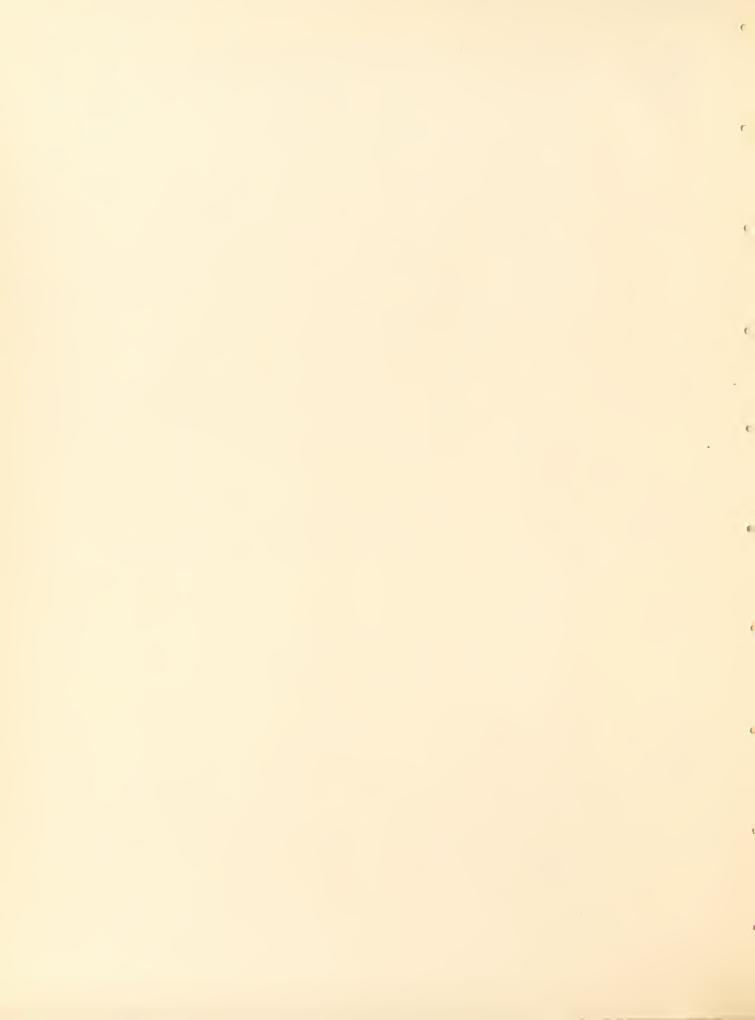
What d' you make of it, Jim?

Jim:

They're gam's horses all right.

JERRY:

That's just what I figured. Notice how anxious he is to know whether we had seen his riders. - They're out public those horses back into the high country. - That's why we couldn't find 'am.



JIM: Yesh and did you notice how snaious he was to find out if

I me going to have a round-up: The mastal - he wants a

unuple of days start so he can get his stuff gathered and

off the range before the round-up starts.

JFR. If you him his outfit they'll out back everything they don't want to have countred. They'd just bring in the stuff they know is under permit.

JIM: Well, I'll fool Mr. Riggs this time. He's pulled this same racket on me before.

JFREY: What you going to do?

JIM: I don't exactly know, but whatever it is I won't tell
anybody till I'm ready to Spring it. Come on, let's get
back to the sta''ou.

HORSES BREAK INTO 4 GALLOP

FADE OUT WITH MUSIC FADE IN

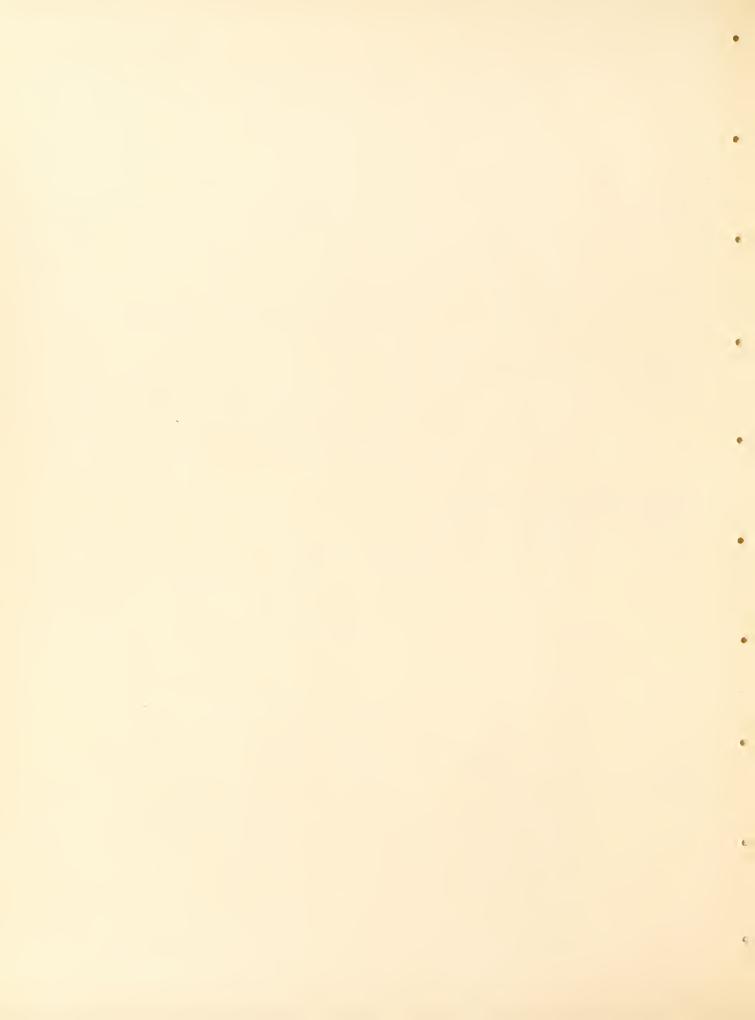
EESS:

Jerry, I can't figure out what's got into Jim. He wouldn't say why he had to go to Willou When - and why he couldn't wait 'till morning. He had to go tonight. It isn't like Jim to be so mysterious.

JERRY. All he would tell me was that he would be back in a couple of days and he would let me know when he was doming.

MARY Do you suppose he's going to have Mr. Riggs arrested?

JERFY: No, he hasn't any grounds for arresting him. He don't know for sure that they are Sam's horses or that they are not covered by permits.



BESS: It isn't like him to be so mysterious but then be maken que his wind be won't tell anything I defy anyone to make bim tell. I'd give a good deal to know what he is up to.

MARY: Me too - He certainly has his dander up -- He would hardly speak to me.

JERRY (LAUGUS) He hardly spoke to me. All the way home he keps talking to bindelf. When I tried to talk to lim he ignored me completely

SESS: Jim gate that way when he has something on his wind. I always leave him alone and don't bother him with questions.

MARY: But aren't you envisors to know what he's going to do?

My curiosity is all armsed. I'm arazy to know where he went.

BESS: It wouldn't do any good to be our one. You might as well talk to a stove as sak him any questions when he don't want to talk, so we will just wait "till we hear from him.

(FADE OUF - MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Well, I, too, would give a lot to know what Jim is up to.

Maybe he will spring something now. Units fair's Forest

Emagers will be with us again next Friday and we can expect
to find out them what his mysterious trip to the Valley is
all about.

This program was presented by the National Eroad sating Jompson, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

